When the average Dosco thinks of the Mayo College for Boys, Ajmer, perhaps the first thing that enters his mind is that the school has an intense, and often malicious, rivalry with Doon. Certainly, as we entered the huge campus, we had our first glimpse of the architecture and many of us were filled with a mixture of excitement and apprehension. So, this was Mayo - the school we had heard so much about, the institution that many have come to hate without ever getting to know it. But, in fact, as we came to find out during this trip, there is so much more to Mayo. The trip was definitely a special one - our delegation, the first to visit Mayo since 2004 was unusually large (12 people representing the school in debating, quizzing and music) and the occasion, the 100th birth anniversary of J.T.M. Gibson, was momentous. We received a warm welcome, and were quickly made to feel comfortable by our escort- Indrashekhar Singh, known universally as Suggy. In hindsight, it was his presence that made the trip so enjoyable, for he immediately set us at ease with his wonderful sense of humour. Later on we found out that he volunteered to escort us, jokingly earning him the title: ‘Traitor in Mayo’. But by no means was he the only friendly Mayoite. It was evident that both, the members of the staff and the students, went out of their way to ensure that we received large helpings of the famous Rajasthani hospitality. All events were held in honour of Mr. Gibson, a giant in the field of education, who taught at Doon before heading both the JSW (now NDA) and Mayo College. In this regard, Mayo did a fantastic job, inviting people who knew him personally to recount their experiences they shared with him. We were also shown a short film on Mr. Gibson. The combined effect was tremendous; it was as if Jack Gibson had been recalled to life.

All in all, the trip was a successful one. Our quiz team emerged victorious against NDA in a nail-biting climax, made all the more exciting by the antics of the quiz master, Mr. ‘Honey’ Singh. Our debating team, despite the stiff competition, sailed to another victory, trouncing NDA in the finals after defeating Mayo Boys in a highly-charged yet dignified semi-final. And our musicians, performing ‘Sweet Child o’ Mine’, ‘Be Yourself’ and ‘Accidentally in Love’, got the rock show off to a rollicking start, earning much applause and even the odd ‘Go Doon’ from the Mayo crowd. Our trip was successful not merely because we performed well in our various events, but because it managed to clear a lot of doubts that existed in both our minds and in the minds of the Mayoites. At the end of the day, the two schools are not that different, and it is possible for a Dosco to get along with a Mayoite just fine.

Of course, like in any other school trip, something had to go wrong, and it did, as we barely managed to get on the train from Delhi to Ajmer and missed the one back by twelve hours! Nevertheless, it was a trip which I am sure all of us will have fond memories of. Personally, I will never forget their breath-taking Main Building and Mr. Pranab Mukherjee, a judge at the debates who spoke endlessly in his inimitable manner on everything about debating, from the angle at which one is to stand to the ideal punch-line one should employ. Judging from the wealth of positive experiences that all of us have brought back with us, one can only hope that such trips are encouraged in the future too.

**Brush Strokes in Hisar**

Vishnukaant Pitty reports on the Inter-School Art Competition held at the Vidya Devi Jindal School

A hot August evening saw a red Tavera screech to a halt in front of Vidya Devi Jindal School, Hisar.

Shashank Mittal, Angad Singh and I along with our art teacher, Mr. Bhowmick, got out into the sultry twilight that greeted us after a strenuous nine hour journey from Dehradun. We were warmly greeted by a teacher and a group of girls, who led us to the school building for the registration of our team for the O P Jindal Memorial Inter-School Art Competition.

We were participating in three separate categories -
Unquotable Quotes

He is holding four bamboos each.
Anuj Bhatia calculates precisely. You need to full concentration.
Nilesh Agarwal discussing mental strategies.
Maria Parashowa is a good tennis player.
Abhishek Jain, a die-hard tennis fan. Do you see his face when he hide it?
Abhishek Jain playing hide and seek. I like it much very.
Dhruv Kumar is fascinated.
You are a multi-national player.
Piyush Upadhyay following international sport. What the fool are you doing?
VKL vents his anger.

REGULARS

Welcome
Ritu Bahl Mohan (RBM) joined the teaching faculty this week and will be teaching French, Biology and EVE. We wish her a fruitful tenure.

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The following are visiting the School on a student exchange programme:
Bradley Gill, St. Philips College, Australia
Alexander Hoysted, Hutchins School, Australia
Nathan Cosgrove, Hutchins School, Australia.

We wish them all a pleasant stay.

Debating and Quizzing
The School was represented by Ashish Mitter and Chinmay Sharma in the JTM Gibson Memorial Invitational Quiz at Mayo College, Ajmer. Forty teams participated and the school emerged victorious. The school was represented by Shikhar Singh, Ashish Mitter and Vivaan Shah in the JTM Gibson Memorial Debate. Shikhar Singh and Ashish Mitter were adjudged the best speakers in the final round.
A report runs in this issue.
Akhit Batra and Saurav Sethia represented the School in the second of the All-India Annual Inter-School Frank Anthony Memorial Debate held at Lucknow Public School. The school was placed first. Akshit Batra was adjudged the Best Speaker of the debate, while Saurav Sethia was adjudged second runner-up. Congratulations!

Soccer Update
Junior soccer team beat Sela Qui World School 4-0. Vahin Khosla scored all four goals. A report runs in this issue.
The School Under-17 team defeated the Staff 4-1. Melvin Michael scored a hat-trick.
The School team played Colonel Brown School on August 6 and won 4-0. Well done!

Opinion Poll
Do you think the six-year jail sentence given to Sanjay Dutt is a fair one?

Yes 62 %
No 38 %
346 people participated in the poll

Next Week’s Question: Do you think Callover serves a purpose?

This week, we bring to you the culinary delights of Dubai, as recommended by Arjun Kapur.

YUM- For all lovers of Chinese, this is definitely the place to dine at. The food is cooked right in front of your eyes and it is absolutely outstanding. Must try: Spicy fried rice, Thai noodles.

Chilis- An American-Mexican chain set up all over the world, Chilis has an 80’s atmosphere with posters and upside down cars hanging from walls. It is the ideal destination for Doscos. Must try: Molten chocolate cake.

Nandos- A chain of restaurants established in Portugal. It has a wide variety of dishes with its own peri-peri sauce. It encourages you to eat with hands! Must try: Triple play (platter), Pita.

Hard Rock Café- One of the most famous restaurants all over the world, Hard Rock Café plays live music on request and has a stunning ambience. The food is splendid and they serve excellent desserts. Must try: Mexican nachos.

Kanat- Dubai’s number one for South-Indian cuisine, the food is excellent and inexpensive. It also serves a wide variety of chaat. Indians populate the place continually. Must try: Mango mousse.

Chinese Red House- It may have a rather plain ambience, but if you want a taste of authentic Chinese, then it’s a ‘must-go’. Must try: Garlic prawns, Dry chilli chicken.

Al-Halab- Considered by most to be the best Arabic restaurant, it is the ideal place for all kebab-lovers. Must try: Mixed kebab platter, Humus, Cheese bread.

Asha’s- Owned by singer Asha Bhonsle, this is where great food and an even greater ambience combine to give you an experience you can’t forget. Must try: Dal mahani, Tandoori chicken.

Cactus Cantina- It is one of the best Mexican restaurants in town. From refreshing drinks to Crispy nachos, it has all a ‘salsa’ lover may desire. Must try: Fresh orange juice, Chicken/Vegetarian enchiladas.

Errata
In Issue number 2156, dated July 28, 2007, the News column mistakenly credited the Mehta Family Award as the ‘Mehra Family Award’. Our apologies to the Mehra family who has provided this scholarship for boys of S Form for overall excellence. The Gastronome (Issue Number: 2157) wrongly listed the restaurant ‘Ploof’in New Delhi as ‘Sploof’. We regret the error.

2. The Doon School Weekly Saturday, August 11
From Raja Harishchandra (1913) of the silent era to the action-packed Dhoom 2 (2006), the Indian film industry has evolved rapidly. Indians make the most number of movies in the world and today, our actors are starring in Hollywood productions. Our movies are scaling the Top-10 charts of the west and our technicians are in demand around the world.

The post-independence period is often called the Golden Era of Indian cinema, when there was a distinctive shift in focus from mythological themes to musical melodrama. Some film-makers soon picked up off-beat stories with a deep baritone was a one-man industry, destroying the 'first day first show' tickets, munching buttered popcorn and sipping cola is as integral to our culture as sumo wrestling is to the Japanese. Movies are a national obsession, at par with mangoes and cricket.

At this stage, there's no looking back. The songs and dances will continue, the long-lost brothers theme might have changed but the heroes will remain quixotic, the villains will continue to be corrupt politicians and smugglers. Even though newer genres are being explored and films with previously taboo topics are being tested, the country at large still can't do without its usual dose of masala, masti and melodrama. Cinema is a part of us and we are proud of what we make. For now at least, we won't have it any other way.

The careers' notice board will focus on Mass Communication in the coming week. All those who would like to know more about this field should look-up the information.

3. The Doon School Weekly Saturday, August 11
(Continued from page 1)
Shashank Mittal in the Claywork section, Angad in the Collage section and I was in the Imaginative Composition (Painting) section.

After the formalities were over with, we were led by our girl escorts to the place designated for our stay there. Angad, Shashank and I were to stay at the principal’s, Mrs. Bindra’s, residence while ATB was given a room in the one of the vacant teachers’ quarters there.

The school, having about 40 acres of land, made use of its entire campus well. The facilities there were very good – not very different from our own. Everyone there was very hospitable and soon we found ourselves at ease, not feeing out of place (as earlier) with about eight hundred girls around us.

The Art Competition to be held the next day was undoubtedly one of the major functions organised by the school. It was divided into four categories namely clay, collage, imaginative composition and flower arrangement; out of this, we did not compete in the flower making section. The schools were competing for a magnificent art trophy which was displayed in a cabinet for all to see. Of course we knew by then that by competing in only three out of the four categories, we already were well out of the running for the trophy. Anyway, during the competition we could see that the standard of art in the school was pretty high there – with different participants interpreting the topics in their own ways and putting their thoughts on paper. After two and a half long hours, we emerged, our head swimming with strain.

Later in the evening, the prize giving ceremony was held. We could barely keep our thoughts confined to the dances being performed onstage. Finally the chief guest, Mr. Ram V Sutar got up to distribute the prizes.

Angad was awarded the second prize while both Shashank and I contented ourselves by patting him on the back. It was only later that ATB informed us that it is better to stick to realism for competitions and not to wander into surrealism. Angad had found no option open and had made an actual beach for his topic ‘footprints on sand’, thus fetching him a prize.

Yet, we enjoyed every moment of the competition, gaining further confidence, not to mention learning new styles and techniques of art.

When it was time to leave, Mrs. Bindra heartily thanked us for coming and bade us goodbye. Soon, we could see that the standard of art in the school was pretty high there – with different participants interpreting the topics in their own ways and putting their thoughts on paper. After two and a half long hours, we emerged, our head swimming with strain.

When it was time to leave, Mrs. Bindra heartily thanked us for coming and bade us goodbye. Soon, we were sitting in our car, leaving the humid climate behind us. As I looked back at the school, I thought that despite everything, it was worth the sweat.

With our PT Leader-cum-Cricket Captain-cum-Dramatics Boy-in-Charge-cum-Socials Boy-in-Charge (one hell of a boy!) at the helm of affairs, our socials were bound to be eventful and entertaining to say the least. The crowd of Doscos, bathed and dressed for once, arrived a minute before the deadline to ‘socialize’, or so we thought. At the Main Gate, the warrior head from Tata was posted to receive the much-awaited guests. Back at the Music School, the circus jodi of Khullar and Mr. Mann prepared an evening full of dance, birthday announcements and word-play. In the crowd, Citizen One Saurabh Tiwari and a humble petitioner incarnated in the form of A viator M atta. In the background, the likes of Ganaput urf Pap (we heard he was expected to be one helluva handsome chap by the other side!) and Popat Saluja pounced on the drinks and food with the former then chugging onto the dance floor like a freight engine. The School Captain and associates initiated the first dance after much hype and training. The socials, delayed, debated and fought for, had begun after all!

It is ironical that the one-man Sardar brigade from OA (sorry, O beri now) that previously provided valet services was more interested in escaping the wrath of this pen rather than socializing. H is primary concern was to remain out of coverage. H is close associate was apparently looking for “fresh talent” having recently acquired, after a great deal of effort, the blue overcoat. The likes of Oaf D once G od (our COP) and Dattof heroforth Nach-baliye, set the floor on fire stink. Leading the over-social pack was V yas who perpetually inter fered in couple dances and dropped a dozen drinks on the table before finally taking one. On the DJ front, an internationally-acclaimed, recently A ussie-returned bulb was in control, ably supported by the controversial Pilibhit gold mines. The K L ord decided his heart was elsewhere (California, Jodhpur, N aida, Bangalore; we couldn’t find out..), but his hand was firmly in the J House Captain’s, both behaving like a newly-wed couple.

The Court sat outside the venue with Justice V erma pronouncing verdicts and the Boy-in-Charge being tried for over-commitment. The Judge was recently fooled and a H indi headline read, “N at-khat badhho ne justice ki aakhon mein dhool jhoki”. Speed Read include: Perfection House tried his luck (and apparently succeeded!) U-n-coord tried to chord one-of-three, failing and falling as usual. The Ritu A dmiration Co. Ltd. was present in healthy numbers and many could not decipher whether the prefect was from D oon or W ham. The Snake was out (since A form) and about. The M ad Surd was slapped and the culprit walked away with an Indonesian artefact. H arjana-da-over-grown-puttar cum A V Warford frequently squeaked on the mike and asked our schoolie’s relative for a dance. The undisputed H indi head-boy apparently asked some girls how much of their course they had completed. Tarzan and self-proclaimed “Jango” was dumped, ditched and discussed as he desperately tried to jump busses.

A t ten-twenty, after a five minute delay (oh my G odi!), the iron curtain rolled when the mike was used to redirect the W hamites to their busses. W ith the Snake recoiled, Perfection House closed for the weekend and English tea over and done with, our Samay had come to an end!